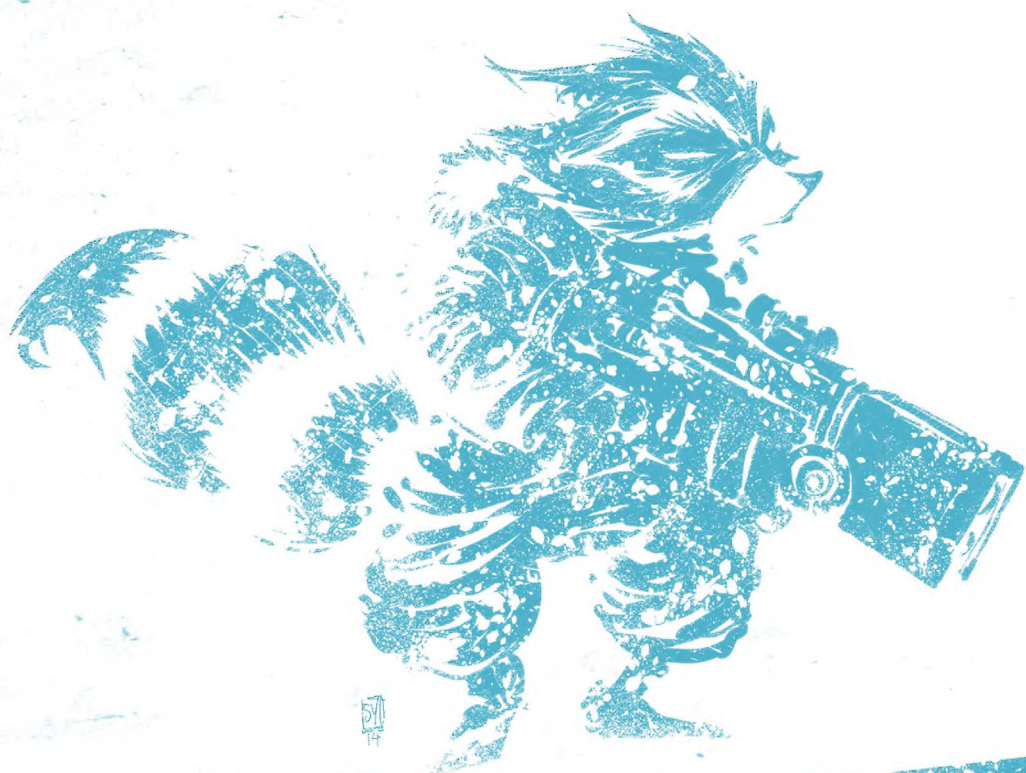




YOUNG • ANDRADE • DEHAULIEN

ROCKET RACCOON™

MARVEL

007

MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PROUDLY PRESENTS

ROCKET

GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY, GUNSLINGER, GALLANT?

ROCKET, THE TALKING SPACE RACCOON, AND GROOT, THE TALKING SPACE TREE, HAVE BEEN BOUNCING AROUND THE GALAXY, TRYING TO MAKE GOOD ON THEIR VARIOUS INTERSTELLAR DEBTS.

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE ADVENTURES. THERE, YOU'RE CAUGHT UP.

HERE. HAVE A RACCOON FACT.

RACCOON FACT #842: RACCOONS GENERALLY PREFER TO LIVE IN THE WETLAND BIOME. THESE ARE MARSHY, MODERATE CLIMATES.

DID YOU KNOW: OUTER SPACE IS NOT A WETLAND BIOME? MAYBE THAT IS WHY ROCKET IS SUCH A GROUCH.



RACCOON

THE COLD part 1

skottie young
writer

filipe andrade
artist

jean-françois beaulieu
color artist

jeff eckleberry
letterer

skottie young
cover artist

idette winecoor
production

devin lewis
assistant editor

sana amanat
editor

axel alonso
editor in chief

joe quesada
chief creative officer

dan buckley
publisher

alan fine
executive producer

**FROM: POLAR PLANET LOCATED IN THE
FARTHEST RIM OF THE THREEED SYSTEM.**

I AM
GROOT!

GET OFF
YOUR HIGH
HORSE.

LIKE YOU'VE
NEVER TAKEN OFF ON A
THREE DAY TRIP WITHOUT
CHECKING TO SEE IF THE
DARROW DRIVE WAS
EXPIRED.

I AM
GROOT!

WE DIDN'T
HAVE A CHOICE! IT
WAS MAKE AN EMERGENCY
STOP AT THE NEXT PLANET
OR FREEZE TO DEATH IN
SPACE WHEN THE SHIP
STOPPED.

LOOKS
LIKE THAT MIGHT
HAPPEN EITHER
WAY.

I AM
GROOT!

OH MY
GODS!

I GET
IT, YOU'RE
PISSED AT
ME BUT WE
NEEDED A
FIRE...



...AND YOU'RE ALL THE WOOD WE GOT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IDEA OF TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM?



I AM GROOT.



WHAT? I'M ALWAYS TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM!



I AM GROOT?



THERE WAS THAT TIME ON TANAMA ANAS.

I AM GROOT.

UGH. YOU'RE RIGHT.

BUT YOU GREW BACK A FEW DAYS LATER, RIGHT?











GROOT,
WE GOTTA GET
BACK IN THE SHIP.
THIS PLANET IS FILLED
WITH MONSTERS AND
CRAZY SNOW-
NINJAS.



ALL MY
GLUNS ARE FROZEN
SOLID, MAN. THAT THING
WENT THROUGH THOSE
PUPPIES LIKE A SWORD
THROUGH...

...PUPPIES, I
GUESS. IF YOU
GOT A PLAN I'D
LOVE TO HEAR
IT.



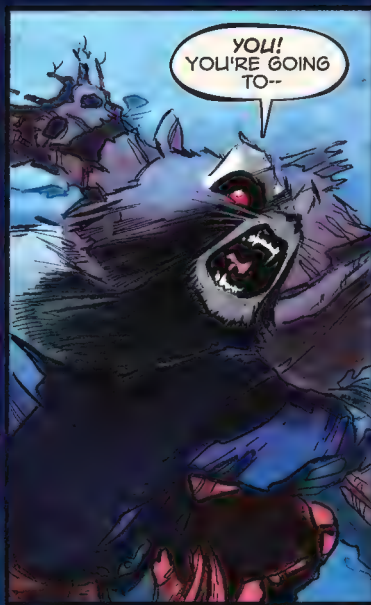
HEY, CAN YOU POUT
ABOUT YOUR-ARM-AS-
FIREWOOD THING LATER
AND MAYBE HELP
ME KI--

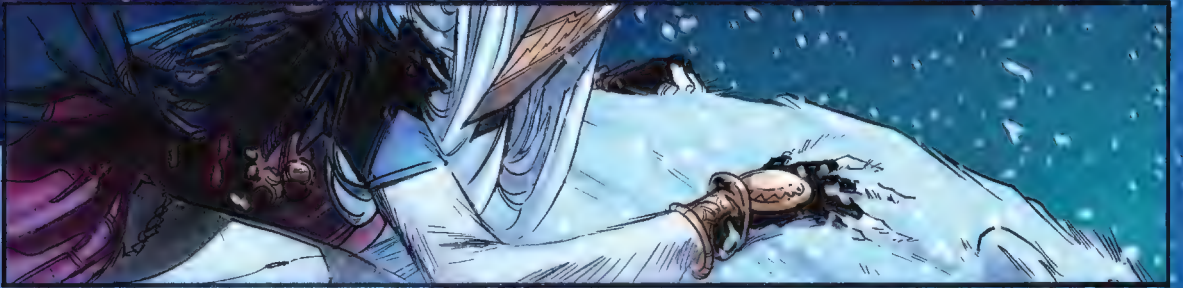


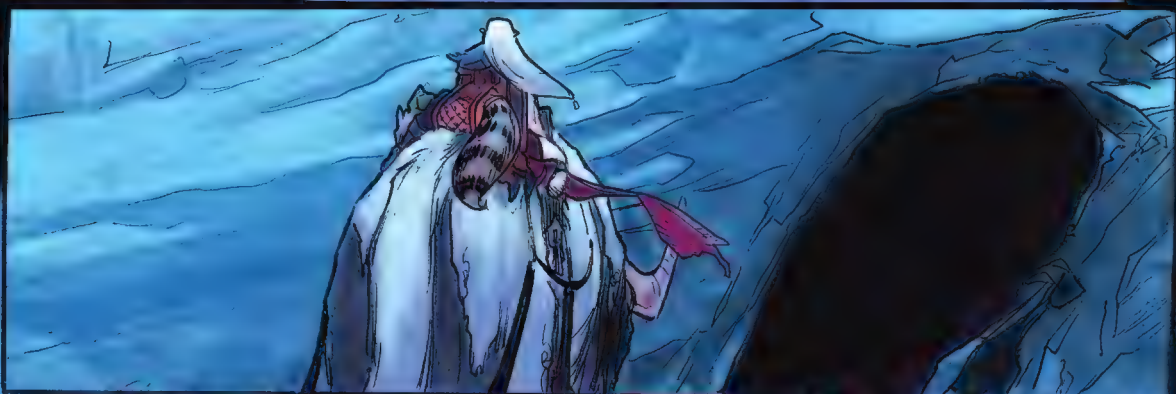
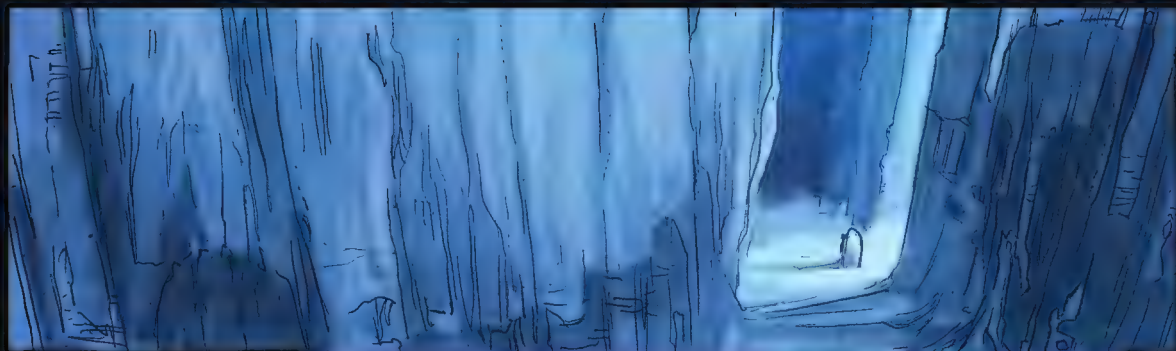
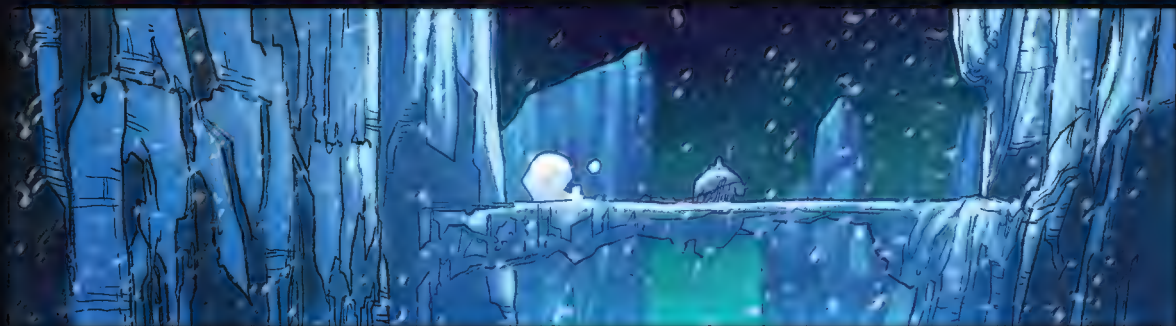
GROOT!



GROOT...?







A FEW HOURS LATER, INSIDE MORE ICE WHERE THE CRAZY SNOW NINJA AND HER PEOPLE SOMEHOW DON'T FREEZE TO DEATH.



HE
STIRS...

WHERE'S
G-GROOT?

IS
THAT THE
NAME OF
THE DYING
TREE?

DYING?

YES, HE WAS
BITTEN BY A NOGLI.
HE WILL DIE FROM
THE VENOM.

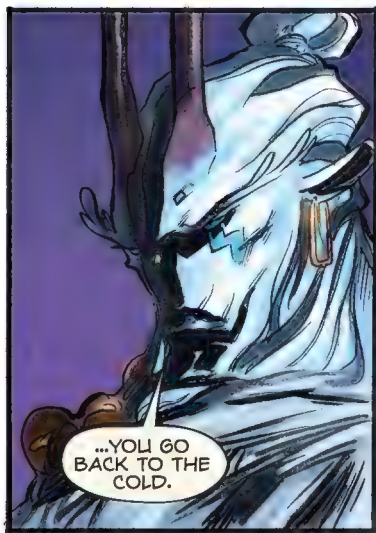
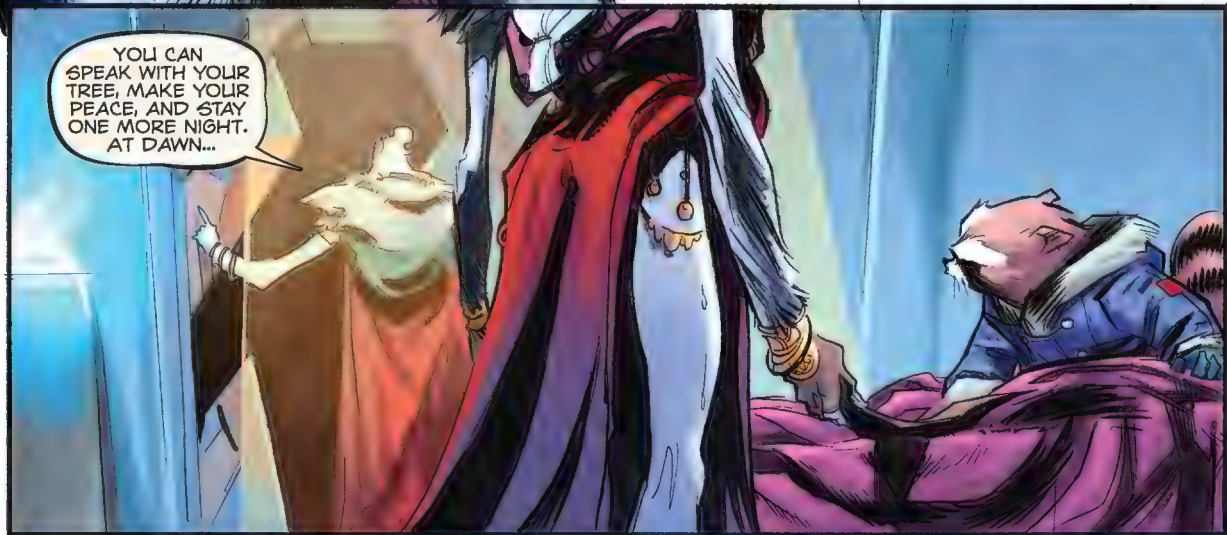
ONE, YOUR
BEDSIDE MANNER
SUCKS.

TWO, GROOT
DON'T DIE FROM DOG
BITES, BRO. YOU KNOW
HOW MANY TIMES I'VE
BLOWN THAT GLY
UP?

GET OUT
OF HERE WITH
ALL THIS DYING
STUFF.

YOUR FRIEND
WILL DIE FROM THE
POISON BUT YOU WILL
SUFFER MUCH WORSE
FROM ME FOR YOUR
DISRESPECT.

FATHER,
NO!



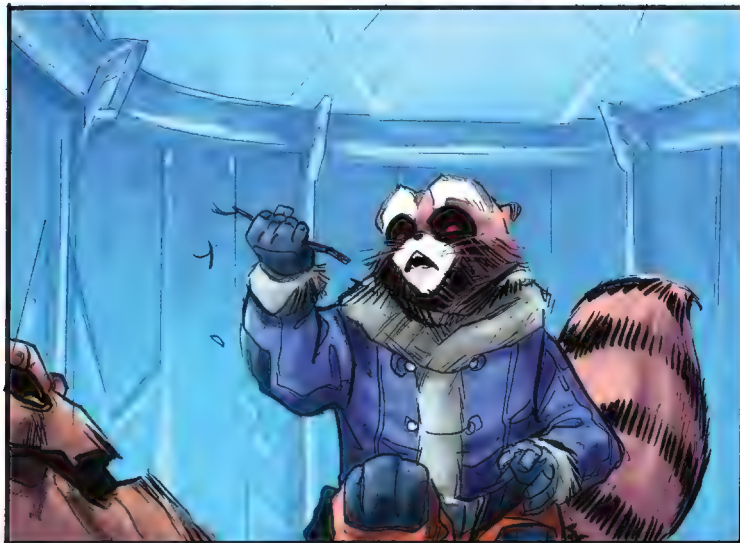


GROOT,
I'M HERE.



YOU KNOW THE DRILL,
BUDDY. GONNA TAKE THIS,
FIX OUR SHIP AND GET THE
FLAK OUT OF THIS
ICE CUBE.

YOU'LL BE IN
YOUR SOIL AND
BACK TO NORMAL
IN NO TIME--



WHY'S THIS
HAPPENING? GROOT
ALWAYS GROWS
BACK.



THE NOGLI'S VENOM IS ATTACKING THE REGENERATION CELLS IN YOUR FRIEND'S SYSTEM.

INSTEAD OF PRESERVING ITSELF TO RE-GROW LATER, IF YOU REMOVE ANY PIECE OF HIM, THE VENOM CAN CONSUME THOSE CELLS FASTER.



SO, THIS IS IT. YOU'RE TELLING ME THIS IS THE LAST GROOT?



IF YOU ARE ASKING IF HE WILL DIE, I'M AFRAID THE ANSWER IS YES.



WHAT ABOUT THAT STUFF YOU SAID TO YOUR DAD? YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A YOLK AND HE LOST HIS **SHRUK**.

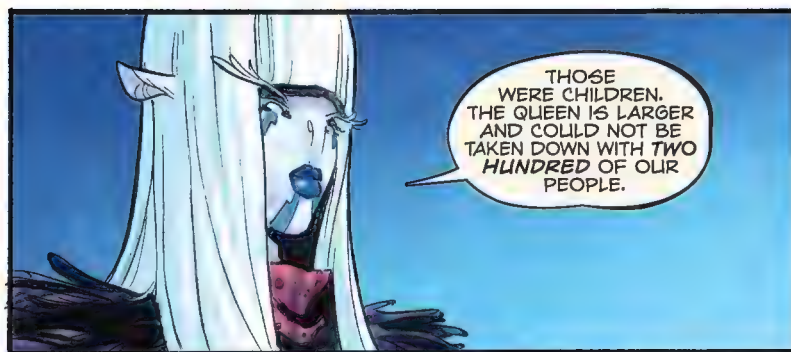


THE YOLK FROM A NOGLI QUEEN'S EGG IS SAID TO BE THE ANTIDOTE TO ITS OFFSPRING'S VENOM.

BUT NO ONE HAS EVER MADE IT BACK WITH ONE TO TEST THE THEORY.



THEN I TAKE IT YOU HAVEN'T GONE YET. BECAUSE I WATCHED YOU CUT UP THREE OF THOSE THINGS LIKE IT WAS NOTHING.



THOSE WERE CHILDREN. THE QUEEN IS LARGER AND COULD NOT BE TAKEN DOWN WITH TWO HUNDRED OF OUR PEOPLE.



I'M SORRY, BUT MY FATHER HAS SPOKEN.

I WILL GO NOW. YOU SHOULD BE ALONE WITH YOUR FRIEND.

THEY'VE LEFT YOU AN OUTLAND PACK. IT'S NOT MUCH BUT IT WILL BE OF SOME HELP IN THE COLD.

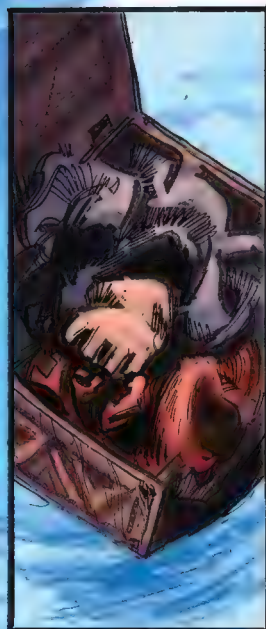


THEN WE DON'T TAKE IT DOWN. I'M THE BEST PICK-POCKET AND ESCAPE-ARTIST IN JUST ABOUT ANY KNOWN SYSTEM.

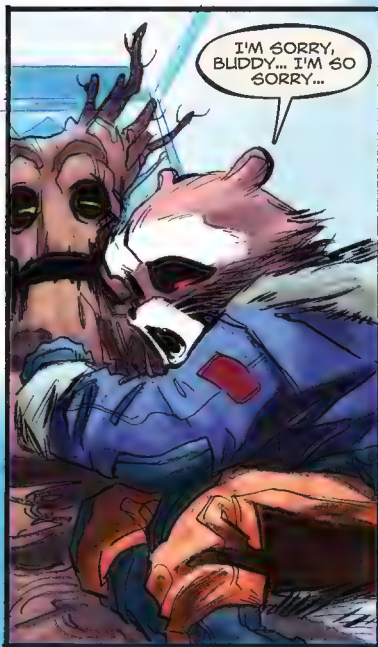
WE'LL GO, I'LL SNEAK IN, SNAG AN EGG FROM MOMMA AND GROOT WILL BE GOOD AS NEW.



FINE! I DON'T NEED YOUR DUMB NINJA SKILLS ANYWAY, YOU STUPID DADDY'S GIRL!



LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST ME AND YOU, BUDDY. LIKE OLD TIMES, YEAH?







I AM
NOBODY'S
GIRL.

DADDY'S
OR OTHER-
WISE.



MY BAD.
WHEN I'M WRONG,
I'M WRONG.

AND
THIS IS ONE OF
THOSE TIMES I'M
THRILLED TO BE
WRONG.



HEY...WAIT,
I DON'T THINK
I KNOW YOUR
NAME.

JINK.

OKAY,
JINK. I'M
ROCKET.

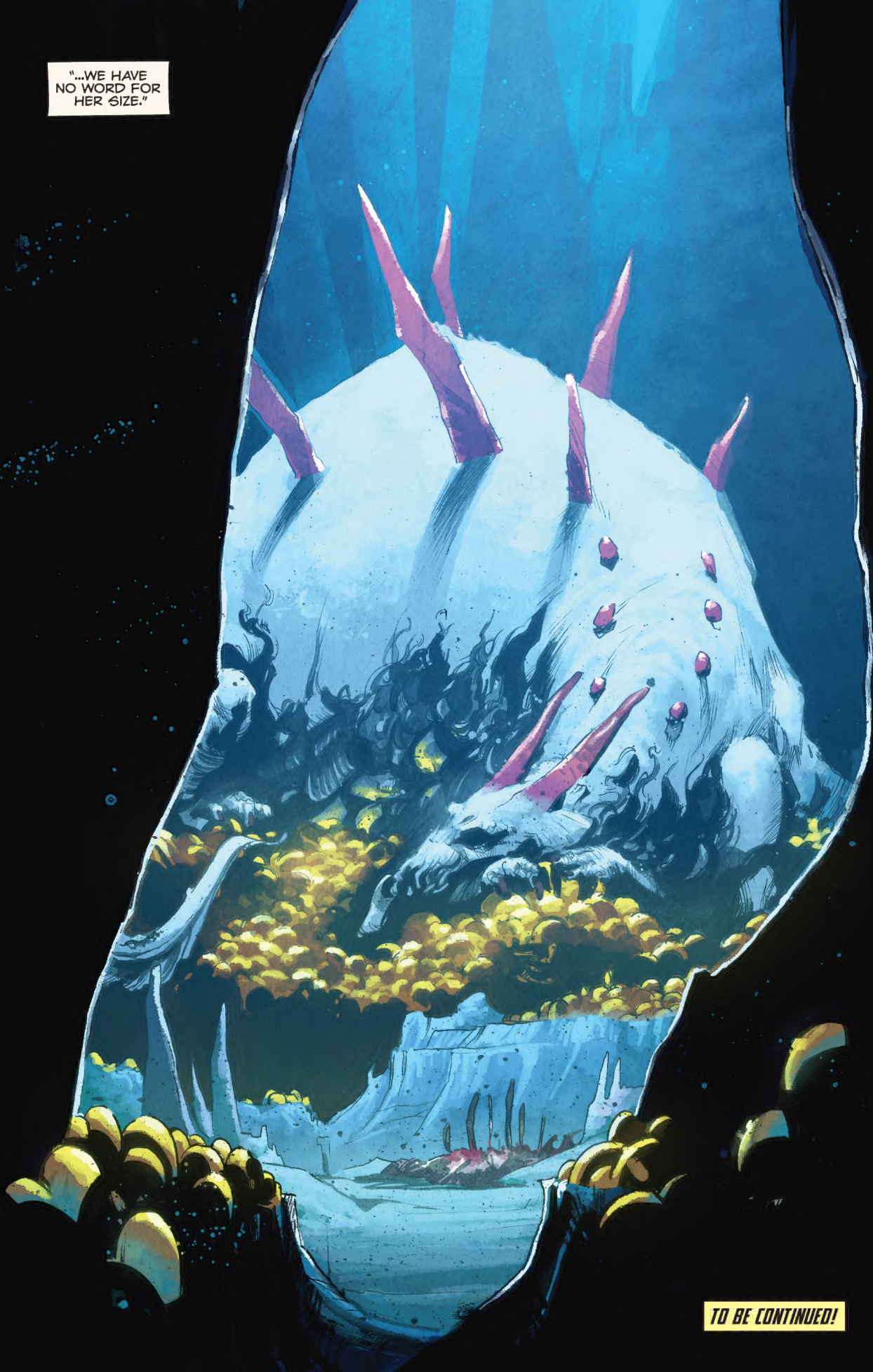
NOW THAT
WE'RE PALS, I'D LIKE
TO HAVE A CHAT ABOUT
THE SIZE OF THIS THING
WE'RE GOING TO
ROB.

ARE WE TALKING
MASSIVE, GIGANTIC,
ENORMOUS?



ROCKET,
NOW THAT WE'RE
PALS I FEEL LIKE YOU
CAN HEAR THE
TRUTH...

"...WE HAVE
NO WORD FOR
HER SIZE."



TO BE CONTINUED!

